

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS."

VOL. 4.—NO. 28.

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WHOLE NO. 184.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbus Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJAMIN S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an Abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet, and subscribers may take their choice of the following

TERMS.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.
Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNEY.

South Carolina Resolutions.

SENATE CHAMBER, Washington, Feb. 6th.
Mr. BUTLER presented resolutions passed by the Legislature of South Carolina, declaring the readiness of that State to cooperate with her sister States in resisting the application of the principles of the Wilmot proviso to the territory recently acquired by the United States, which he desired to have read; and the resolutions were accordingly read, as follows:
The Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives upon Federal Relations, to which were referred so much of the Governor's message as relates to the agitation of slavery, and sundry resolutions upon the same subject, beg leave to report the following resolution, as expressing the undivided opinion of this Legislature upon the Wilmot proviso, and all similar violations of the great principle of equality which South Carolina has so long and so ardently maintained should govern the action of the States and the laws of Congress upon all matters affecting the rights and interests of any member of this Union:

Resolved, unanimously, That the time for discussion by the slaveholding States as to their exclusion from the territory recently acquired from Mexico has passed, and that this General Assembly, in expressing the feelings of the State of South Carolina, is prepared to cooperate with her sister States in resisting the application of the principles of the Wilmot proviso to such territory, at any and every hazard.

Resolved, unanimously, That the Governor be requested to transmit a copy of this report to the Governors of each of the States of this Union, and to our Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

Mr. B. said: Mr. President, when a sovereign State presents such a resolution as the one read from your table, it is a significant omen of the times. Its very brevity is a commentary upon its import and intent. It purports to have been passed by both branches of the Legislature, and in the name of the people of South Carolina, and comes here under the seal of the State. It is my duty to say that it is not the expression of transient popular excitement, but it evinces the deep conviction of a people who think that their rights are dangerously threatened, and will be put in peril by the action of Congress, which is the common agent, and should be the common guardian of all the parties to the Federal compact.

South Carolina will not seek or desire an occasion for the application of her resolution. She will do no offensive act to bring about such a painful emergency. But should she be forced to meet the threatened issue, and required to take an attitude of resistance to the unjust and aggressive policy of a blind and self-sustaining majority, it would be treason in me as her representative to suppose that she would not make her words good, or subject herself to all the hazards of a trial. And in this she will not be alone. Virginia has already spoken a language too solemn and deliberate to be mistaken, and which was made the more impressive by the language of my friend who sits near me, [Mr. Hunter.] When States make such pledges, through their representatives, they impose upon themselves an obligation to maintain them. The people of South Carolina entertain a profound respect for Virginia, and many of her people cherish hereditary attachment to her soil, her subject her to the last, and sustain her in whatever position she may think proper to

assume; and will do so in the motto of my own State, which language cannot be more appropriately used than on this occasion—"Junctis opibus semper parati." Well has it become that illustrious Commonwealth to be the first in proclaiming her own and the rights of her southern confederates. Well has she been called a mother of States. Look at those that have sprung from her bounty. With the uncalculating generosity of a parent, she submitted to conditions, as to some of these territories ceded by her, peculiarly favorable at that time to her non-slaveholding brethren. Can it be that, like a cockatrice, any portion of these States, or the people of these States, would avail themselves of these conditions, and the power acquired under them, to sting the bosom that gave them life? Virginia may have to submit to ingratitudes, and may not be able to avoid wanton insult, but she cannot submit to deliberate wrong and wilful aggression. Her history would rebuke and her resolutions would reproach her. No, sir, that illustrious Commonwealth has no, like Judah, the lion's whelp in this Confederacy; and she cannot crouch, like Issachar, and become the ass between burdens.

Mr. President, Virginia and South Carolina are not the only States that will speak on this momentous subject. All the southern States similarly situated will use language of the same deliberate import; and if, in the face of such warning, our northern brethren—for I will call them so—shall turn a deaf ear to it, and shall go on to consummate their acts of injustice and disfranchisement by odious and discriminating legislation, assailing the equality of the States, and violating sacred contracts, the blame will be on their heads. Such an act will evince a criminal temerity hardly to find a parallel in the history of any people. They may assume to act upon the supposition of our division, and because they know we cherish an attachment to the Union, by so many consecrated associations of a common history. They calculate upon success by sporting with our affection. I once saw a youth struck by his neighbor and relative; and when he was reproached for not resenting it, he replied that he had always learned through his parents that they were bound together by the ties of friendship and consanguinity, and that he did not wish to be the first to disturb them. Well, sir, the submission only provoked additional assault. Our non-slaveholding countrymen may think that we will submit like the unable youth, instead of consulting the impulses and wise suggestions of self-respect. And, sir, there is no substitute for such a sentiment. Once banish it from a people or an individual, and degradation and degeneracy must follow.

These States have been bound together by the ties of patriotism and fraternal consanguinity. The Federal Constitution was the work of wise, practical, and patriotic statesmen, and the guarantee they relied upon for its maintenance and perpetuity was the good faith in which it originated. Those from the non-slaveholding States were then the guardians of southern rights and the respecters of southern feeling. They were such men as Hancock, Adams, Roger Sherman, and Dr. Franklin. Little could they have thought that a people who have become strong and powerful under the operation of the Federal compact would ever use it as an engine of oppression. But, sir, I fear that their generous calculations are destined to be disappointed. And, sir, I will now draw a contrast between the wisdom and those who are now under the name of free soil and disinterested philanthropy, conducting the dangerous agitation upon the slave question. I will not draw the parallel. The contrast between the two will be obvious to all, and it is not necessary to write their names on the picture. All the fears of disunion may be banished, and harmony restored by the North consulting and acting upon the great maxims of moderation and justice. Let them stay the hand of aggressive violence; let them stay the spirit of injustice; let them no longer encourage the wild pretensions of an irresponsible multitude. The South will act in defensive cooperation, but will not intentionally agitate, for the purposes of faction and discord, with a view to profit by them. The northern people say that slavery cannot go into California and New Mexico, unless the laws left in force by Mexico shall be repealed; and yet they insist upon superadding to any act that may be brought forward for the government of these Territories, a provision for the exclusion of slavery; not, as they say, that it is necessary, but because they wish now to establish the doctrine to exclude southern slaveholders from an equal participation in the fruits of future conquest. This doctrine, Mr. President, addresses itself to, and is revolting to, natural sensibility, and in violation of the compact and compromises of the Constitution. It is nothing more nor less than saying that the South may be compelled, under its obligations to the Federal compact, to make its contributions of men and money to carry on the war, but shall be denied the rights of equals in the enjoyment of the conquest.

It is not a restriction, sir, as some have said, and as some of our proscriptive policy, to prevent which the South should be prepared at this time to make every sacrifice. If we submit to it now, it is a submission which will reduce us from a position of equality to what we believe will be one of degradation. I have made no threat—I shall make no threat. I have no such disposition; but if South Carolina shall be placed in such a situation, there can be no doubt but that she will enforce that resolution. I am bound to say, sir, that if this position be forced upon her, she will stand by Virginia; she will stand by herself, sir. This may be avoided; and God grant, Mr. President, that statesmen and patriots may be raised up from the non-slaveholding States who may have courage to do justice, and who will consult the dictates of wisdom and prudence.

An Exchange says—"The United States have, by the war with Mexico, won the respect and admiration of all civilized nations." O, what a WHISPER!

House of Representatives.

FRIDAY, Dec. 16th 1849.

A petition was presented by Mr. Townsend, from 40 individuals of Portage and Stark counties, in favor of a dissolution of the federal Union.

Mr. Armstrong moved that the petition be laid upon the table, and the petitioners have leave to withdraw the same.

Mr. Townsend wished it received and referred to a select committee. There were reasons, which might be shown, why the petition could not, and ought not, to be granted. The better way to dispose of it was to state those reasons.

Mr. Leiter was opposed to the reference. He favored the utmost reasonable limits of the right of petition; but this was of a character which ought not to be tolerated.

Mr. Holcomb moved to reject the petition. He did not deny the right of petition—the paper has been read, and we know its contents—and nothing further was due from us.

Mr. McClure hoped the petition would be referred to the gentleman who presented it, and that a report would be made on the subject. He condemned the prayer of the petitioners declared it to be one which could not be granted; and wished to have the reasons shown why it could not be granted.

Mr. Smith, of Madison, opposed the rejection of the petition. It would be an infringement of the right of petition, and he could not vote for it. The paper was an improper one; but let us refer it to a committee.

Mr. Roedter declared the paper to be a treasonable one; and would treat it with silent contempt.

Mr. Mott thought no course of treatment toward such a petition could be called ungenerous. It ought not to be entertained; and the fact that it contained the signature of a minister of the gospel furnished no reason why it should not be rejected.

Mr. Norris advocated its reference. The right is guaranteed to the citizens of this country to change their form of government when they see proper; and the fact that a minority petition for this change furnished no argument to his mind for its rejection. He hoped it would be referred.

Mr. Vorhes thought it was due to the character of the State that the paper should not be reported upon.

Mr. Whitney and Mr. Smith, of Brown, spoke briefly on the subject.

Mr. Marsh defended the utmost bounds of the right of petition, let the subject be as objectionable as it might. He favored the reference of the petition.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Leiter and Roedter; when the House refused to reject—yeas 15, nays 48.

Mr. Roedter moved the petitioners have leave to withdraw their petition—lost, yeas 21, nays 42.

The question being upon laying the petition on the table, it was lost, yeas 30, nays 34.

Several motions for reference to select and standing committees were voted down.

Mr. Whitney moved to refer it to a committee of the whole House—lost, yeas 4, nays 51.

The House then took a recess.

3 o'clock, P. M.
The petition for a dissolution of the Union was finally, after further debate by Messrs. Leiter and Riddle, referred to Mr. Townsend, by a vote of yeas 34, nays 28.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.—The Rev. Dr. Durbin, in his account of his tour in the East, describes a visit to the slave market of Alexandria, where beautiful girls were exposed for examination and sale like cattle. He concludes the narrative with the remark: "I turned with horror at the scene before me, where virtue had not even the privilege of contest nor the apology for temptation."

Are such scenes any less horrible in the United States than in Egypt? or did the pious Dr. spend all his sympathy on the Nubian girls in the Alexandrian markets, that he has no word of rebuke for the similar exposure of American females in the flesh markets of Washington and Baltimore and New Orleans?

Or do the fogs of our atmosphere hide these enormities from his vision? or is it that he stood in Egypt as a man, within the reach of human sympathies, and on his return he has again risen into the cold eminence of his doctorate, away from the sound and sight of human woe? Dr. Durbin cannot be ignorant of the fact that the slave market in the national capital, which daily exhibits scenes no less shocking to feeling hearts than the one he describes, exists by the toleration and support of Congress and the people of the North.

Yet he professes to "preach the gospel" to this people, to be a minister of

Him who came "to proclaim deliverance to the captive," and what word of rebuke does he ever speak against the abomination of American slavery and the slave-trade? What earnest appeals does he make to the men and women of his country to unite their efforts to put away sin and shame from our country, especially from the capital of our nation? We understand that the

Egypt has prohibited the slave within his borders, but they re- Washington and the American. Again we ask, why do we not have, as a word of rebuke from this great Methodist divine, at these inhumanities in our midst and under our sanction? Are shames which Mohammedanism cannot endure, to be cherished by Christians? Shall cruelties too monstrous for a despotism, find shelter in a republic, and "Christian ministers" cry "all's well," while the stench of those pollutions fills the land? Alas for our religion which delivers heresy over to eternal damnation, which imprisons poor new boys for selling papers on Sunday, and sheds tears of sympathy over homages and slaves in other lands, but tolerates or licenses the traffic in human beings at home.—Pa. Freeman.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—By the arrival at New Orleans, on the 1st inst. of the U. S. schooner Arispe, dates from Tampico to the 23d ult. have been received.
A serious difficulty had occurred between General Guerrero, the commandant of the port of Tampico, and Captain Carr, acting U. S. Quartermaster at that place. The commandant had ordered Captain Carr to quit the city within a specified time, saying that the time allowed in the treaty of peace for the removal of the United States property had expired. This order Captain Carr refused to obey, saying he was acting under the orders of his government, and would not leave unless expelled by force; whereupon the commandant ordered out all the troops in the city, to the number of 400, but at this juncture the U. S. sloop of war Saratoga entered the harbor, when the troops retired into their quarters. Capt. Carr, went on board the Saratoga, which set sail for Vera Cruz, the rendezvous of the gulf squadron, which it was supposed would proceed to Tampico, in order to settle the difficulty.

Divine Authority.
One of the premonitory symptoms that announce the approaching death of an institution is seen in the extravagant claims set up in its favor. On the eve of a revolution or reformation, the defenders of that which is to be changed assume the most threatening attitude. The members of a decaying noble family are usually more haughty than those who live in prosperity. The fashionable lady whose charms have begun to fade, deems herself more greatly than ever. When the advocates of a human institution begin to claim divine authority in its favor, it may be taken for granted that they are hard pressed. When they can find no warrant on earth, they try to get one in heaven.

We were reminded of the positions of some of the defenders of slavery by reading Macaulay's account of the doctrines of that great stickler for the divine right of kings, James the First. A great change was taking place in the minds of the people, who were beginning to free themselves from the shackles of the dark ages. But James claimed more than had been claimed by those of his predecessors, who had the firmest hold of power. "It was gravely maintained that the Supreme Being regarded hereditary monarchy as opposed to other forms of government, with peculiar favor; that the rule of succession in the order of primogeniture was a divine institution, anterior to the Christian, and even to the Moslem dispensation; that no human power, not even that of the whole Legislature—no length of adverse possession, though it extended to ten centuries, could deprive the legitimate prince of his rights; that his authority was necessarily always despotic; that the laws by which, in England and in other countries, the prerogative was limited, were to be regarded merely as concessions which the sovereign had freely made and might at his pleasure resume; and, that any treaty into which a king might enter with his people was merely a declaration of his present intentions, and not a contract of which the performance could be demanded."

These doctrines were advanced just before the people betook a king for undertaking to carry them out.—Lon. Examiner.

From the Christian Citizen.

What are Life's Duties?

Cast your eyes abroad over the world and behold them for yourselves. See how its loveliness and beauty have been marred by the work of man's unholy passions. Behold the sorrow and the sufferings of the millions of human beings who are debarred the privilege of drawing the needful sustenance for their bodies from the bosom of our good mother earth, though God has endowed it with a capacity so wonderfully adapted to the wants, the comforts, the convenience and the happiness of man. Open your ears and hear the universal sorrow-tone that arises from among the habitations of the

children of men. Listen to the voice which speaks from every abode of poverty, from the crushed and bleeding hearts of earth's lowly ones, and from the hard stern natures of the wicked and the vile.

Hear what life's duties are in the sighing breezes from the South that bear upon their wings the mournful clanking of the poor bond man's chains. Hear what life's duties are as they are repeated by the echoing rafters of the garrets of the very poor, and by the desponding hearts and unfed sides of thousands upon thousands who are doomed to lives of the severest though unrequited toil. Let the

bolsterous but hollow laugh of the contented man who has been driven perhaps from the path of duty and virtue by the power of that fiend, which the proverb tells us will "eat through stone walls" speak to our convictions in regard to the duties of life. Let the glow of the red flames of destruction and moral death; of the distillery lighted with the lurid fires of hell as it gleams out upon the midnight darkness and poisons the very atmosphere with its accursed taint of sin and shame shadow them. Let all these cunningly contrived pitfalls of intemperance and licentiousness, where drunkenness and debauchery allure the unsuspecting to their downfall remind us of them. Let the trampling of the war horse, the glittering of sabres, the braying of trumpets, the clashing of bayonets, and the roar of cannon, while they proclaim that man is still engaged in the foul, unnatural work of butchering his brothers, remind us of higher and nobler deeds that it is ours to perform "in the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life." T. P.

From the [Philadelphia] U. States Gazette.

Mr. Calhoun's Address.

"Oh wad some power the gifle gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us.
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

Mr. Calhoun wants from the North the "pound of flesh," because "the law gives it." His grand complaint is, that the freemen of the North feel and develop an extreme reluctance to aid the South in catching poor slaves who have essayed to escape from bondage. He must have us crush every sentiment of sympathy, out of reverence for the Constitution! Suppose we turn the tables. Does not the same Constitution guarantee the right of freedom of speech and of the press? Has the South, while it asks aid for slavecatchers at the North, allowed freemen of the North their constitutional liberty of speech at the South? Who scourged Amos Dresser in the public square of Nashville, for circulating books friendly to Liberty? Who broke the press and attempted the life of Cassius M. Clay at Lexington? Who led on the mob to assault Dr. Bailey at Washington? Who broke open and scattered the United States mail at Charleston? Who exiled Samuel Hoar from South Carolina, because his errand, though strictly legal, displeased the chivalry of the South?

Who a few years since sent circulars to all the Northern Legislatures to procure the passage of laws to prevent freemen of the North from discussing slavery? Who, on the floor of Congress, denied, session after session, the right of Northern freemen even to petition Congress for the better government and regulation of the District of Columbia, as to human liberty? Who threatened on the floor of Congress to lynch John Quincy Adams, if he should ever be caught in South Carolina? What State drags from his vessel the honest colored cook of Boston, and immures him in a dungeon, lest the example of his liberty should render unquiet the human chains of Charleston and New Orleans?—Where did Lynch law originate in this land? Where is its dreadful code mercilessly applied to stifle the discussion of human rights?

"Softly, my master!" Those who read us lectures on reverence for the Constitution, should see to it that their own hands are pure. Mr. Calhoun annexed Texas avowedly to conserve slavery.—Let us now see to it that the annexation of New Mexico and California shall not limit "the area of freedom." The tears of the great patriot of the 19th century, (because he is not allowed to shackle a free Empire with human bondage,) are very touching. We hope he will be able to bear his sorrow with fortitude, for

"He that hath but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone."

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Washington, Feb. 13, 1849.

The Washington Union of this morning, contains later intelligence from California. The news is of a corresponding character to what has been previously received, and fully confirms all other official accounts. The news also furnishes the public with murders of a revolting nature, which are occurring almost daily.

The Charleston Mercury of the 11th Jan., notices the sale of a lot of "prime

negro women" at an advanced price, and says, "this is a substantial evidence that the demand is good for this species of property." If the negroes of Africa should kidnap some of our American "prime men, and sell them as a "prime article," what would we say?—And yet what make the mighty difference!—Chicago Tribune.

MORE MODESTY.—A gathering of slaveholders and nullifiers was recently held at Houston Texas, where, in addition to resolutions denouncing the Wilmot Proviso and the Oregon bill, the following in relation to the disputed territory was adopted:

Resolved, That the State of Texas claims to herself the right to settle and determine for herself her own boundaries, and that she will, when necessary, exercise that right at all hazards and against all parties. That her title to that portion of what was formerly the Department of New Mexico, lying this side of the Rio Grande, she carried out with the sword and with the sword she will maintain it, should the necessity be forced upon her.

The Rochester Democrat says that when Texas was a suppliant for admission into the Union, she readily consented to an express stipulation that "all questions of boundary should be subject to adjustment by the United States Government." But now she is firmly seated, after having cost the nation \$100,000,000, she defies all constituted authority and proposes to give law to the very power that raised her from her state of helplessness and degradation. Her claim, preposterous as it is, covering a large portion of the territory acquired by war, is favored by certain classes in Congress. Her insolence therefore is not to be wondered at.—Buffalo Express.

ANOTHER GOOD MOVE BY CONGRESS.—The House of Congress, having abolished flogging in the Navy, have followed up the good movement by abolishing the grog ration, which is two gills a day. In place of this the sailor is to receive four cents. If the Senate confirm these proceedings, we shall soon see a desirable improvement in the character of the Navy.

THE RICE CULTURE ABATED AS A NUISANCE.—Believing that the rice fields, in the vicinity of Savannah, were detrimental to the health of the city, the Mayor of Savannah has issued a proclamation prohibiting the culture of rice within certain limits. From the decree in the court below, sustaining the ordinances, an appeal was taken by Thomas Green, the owner of a rice plantation, but the Supreme court affirmed the original decision.

Slavery in the District.—The Baltimore Clipper says:—"Although we deny the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia without the consent of the people and compensating owners, yet we have no objection to having the slave-trade abolished there by Congress or the local authorities. We do not think the District should be made a slave market—and hence we approve the effort which is now being made to arrest the traffic at the seat of government."

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.—A friend has furnished us with the following extract from the letter of a gentleman residing in North Alabama. It expresses forcibly and well, a sentiment prevailing to a great extent, in the slave States, everywhere interesting. The writer is not a Northern man transplanted to the South, but a Southern man by birth, education, feeling and interest.—[Lon. Ex.]

"We are very grateful for the newspapers you send us. I was particularly interested in the 'Examiner,' as it expresses my views fully, on the Slavery and Emancipation subject. Kentucky must certainly adopt some prospective emancipation laws, when the Convention meets, and Missouri will follow before long. The folly of the leading men in the South, who resist the restrictions of the Wilmot Proviso, &c., is very apparent to me, for anything that would cause a separation of the North from the South would, I believe, destroy the prosperity of the latter forever. I am determined that my family shall not participate in the ruin."

Address to the People of Hayti.

A committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in an address to Haytiens, say:

"It will be satisfactory for you to know, that, during the last four years, the anti-slavery cause, though it has encountered much opposition, has, nevertheless, made rapid and gratifying progress in various parts of the world. Sweden, France, & Denmark, have each abolished slavery in their several colonies in the West Indies and South America, so that now, with the exception of the small islands possessed by Holland, and the colonies belonging to Spain in the Gulf of Mexico, the whole of the West India Islands are free from the degradation and oppressions of slavery. In addition, therefore, to the free people of your own Republic, more than a million of Africans and their descendants are rejoicing in the blessings of freedom. Nor is this all—the spirit of liberty is extending its triumphs in various directions. In addition to French Guiana and Cayenne, which are now free, it is satisfactory to know

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that the several South American Republics have made provision, by express laws for the abolition of slavery. Holland, it is believed, will follow the example that has been set by her neighbors, and will soon stand before the world, free from the charge of holding any portion of the human race in bondage. Portugal has also given assurances that slavery, as well as the slave-trade, shall be abolished throughout her East Indian and African possessions. It is due to France to say, that, in addition to her having proclaimed emancipation in her West Indian and South American colonies, she has also decreed the abolition of slavery in every form in her African settlements. The Bey of Tunis, moved by a noble impulse, has liberated all his subjects from bondage. The Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia have each adopted measures for the suppression of the slave-trade; and in the north of Europe, it may be added, that millions of serfs, who formerly groaned under the oppressive yoke of their masters, have been set free. To the United States, Brazil, and Spain, belongs the bad pro-eminence of holding nearly seven millions of Africans, or their descendants, in the most abject slavery; and, to the two latter powers, the enormous guilt of perpetuating the foreign African slave-trade. But the Committee trust that the time is not distant when, even in these countries, the song of freedom shall be heard, and the great truth be universally recognized, that "God hath created of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

"Hayians! It is in your power to help forward so glorious a consummation, and to unite with the friends of humanity and freedom throughout the world in their strenuous efforts to overthrow, by peaceable and moral means, the institution of slavery, which still crushes, debases, and destroys so vast a multitude of mankind. You can do this by presenting to the surrounding nations the noble spectacle of union among yourselves; you can do this by bringing your institutions into harmony with the principles of universal justice; you can do this by an impartial administration of your government and laws; you can do this by developing the resources of your soil, and bringing your produce into competition, in the markets of the world, with the blood-stained produce of other nations, who yet tolerate the existence of slavery."

"You can, moreover, do this, by imparting the blessings of a thorough education to your children, and by early inculcating their minds with the principles of a sound morality, sanctified by the spirit of the Gospel. Thus will you entitle yourselves to the sincere respect and sympathy of all who take an interest in your welfare and progress, and silence for ever the calumnies of your enemies, whose constant aim it is to impede the onward course of freedom, by denying that any of the African race are either capable of appreciating its privileges, or fitted for its enjoyment."

Kentucky Legislature.

The following report of the recent action of the Kentucky House of Representatives, shows that that body is opposed to emancipation "except as now provided for by the Constitution and laws of the State."

Mr. Dohoney offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we, the Representatives of the people of Kentucky, are opposed to abolition or emancipation of slavery in any form or shape whatever.

Mr. Ewing said he looked upon the resolution as entirely foreign to the duties for which the Representatives were sent here, and he therefore moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Upon this motion the yeas and nays being called, it was lost: yeas 14, nays 76.

Mr. Ewing said he saw by the resolution that it was too general in its terms—"any shape or form whatever," not even allowing emancipation by law and testament according to the law and Constitution as it now exists. He thought this resolution was throwing down the gauntlet to the emancipationists, and would provoke combat which he believed unnecessary and impolitic, since the pro-slavery men had need to act only on the defensive. He had no fear or dread of emancipation; he had said that he was no emancipationist, and gentlemen of the House could believe him or not, but if he was an emancipationist, he would have the courage to avow it. He should vote against the resolution.

Mr. Verriens said it was the very resolution he had desired to offer to the House. He thought the vote upon the resolution, would show to the people of Kentucky, the position of every man upon the all-absorbing question of emancipation. It was not alone for the purpose of disturbing the question, that he desired the passage of this resolution. The pro-slavery men were not in favor of agitation; they had slavery, and it was for those who wished to restrict that right, guaranteed to them by the Constitution, to disturb it if they choose. He was opposed to gradual emancipation now or prospectively, and he did not say any man in the House was an emancipa-

tionist, but the time would come when we would see emancipationists on the stump.

Mr. Conklin voted to lay on the table, that the resolution might be modified, and again offered to the House. He was not in favor of emancipation, but the resolution said that we were opposed to it in any shape or form whatever. He did not believe the State would adopt emancipation; but some men he believed were agitating the question with a view to next summer. If the resolution should be modified he would vote it, but not as it now stood.

Mr. Hughes moved to amend the resolution, by adding "except as now provided for by the Constitution and laws of the State." He thought the amendment would obviate the objections raised against the resolution by the gentleman from Grayson, (Mr. Conklin.) He stood upon the floor opposed to emancipation, and he was willing that the world should know the position of Kentucky upon that question. He supposed that every man expressed the views of his constituents, and let those in favor of gradual emancipation vote against the resolution, and the world would know the position of Kentucky.

Mr. Morris said there had seemed to have been a feeling to avoid the agitation of the subject of slavery, and for it he had been glad. He was surprised that the friends of slavery should force this question upon the House and the people, and throw a fire-brand that would spread like a flame throughout the Commonwealth. He feared the very course the House was pursuing, would produce a state of things to be deprecated. If they were opposed to agitation, why introduce a resolution that would engender it. It is the nature of man to go to extremes, when attempts are being made to bind or force him to a position. His parents were Virginians, and he was a native born Kentuckian; he was not afraid to express before this Legislature, and the wide world, that slavery was an evil.—He adverted to the history of slavery in the United States, and expressed his entire approval of the declarations made by Virginia in 1831, and by Maryland in 1832, "that slavery rested like a nightmare upon the prosperity of the State, &c." He was not afraid to express his opinion; it was the same as had been frequently expressed by the greatest statesman now living, who but a few days ago was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature.

He showed that slavery, had, up to this time, been regarded by the States of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, and other States, as well as Kentucky, as an evil. He did not believe there were ten men in the House who would go for increasing slavery in any way; if not now free from it. Slavery had been forced upon us in opposition to our will, and he believed that the people would now rejoice to be rid of it, if it could be done without a succeeding evil. There were now three parties: ultra pro-slavery men, those who were in favor of getting rid of slavery if there was a practical scheme without resulting evils, and the infuriated fanatics of the North. He understood a difference between abolition and emancipation—emancipationists were opposed to dissolving the relation of master and slave regardless of law—abolitionists regarded the inherent qualities of their nature the same as the Anglo Saxon race—would destroy existing relations, and would break down the barrier between the two races. The latter were what he regarded as fanatics.

The great men of this country, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and a host of others, had deprecated slavery, but it was forced upon us and become a cancer upon the body politic. He thought it unfortunate that the question had been introduced into the Legislature.

Mr. Ewing desired to have the following read, as expressive of his opinion, with the view of offering it as an amendment, at the proper time:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, any action by the convention, called to meet this year, to revise the constitution, on the subject of emancipation, would be unwise.

Mr. Boardman moved the previous question.

The question now being, "shall the main question be now put?" Messrs. Towles and Hardin demanded the yeas and nays; and the question was decided in the affirmative: yeas 63, nays 30.

Mr. Hughes was opposed to suppressing debate, and he therefore moved a reconsideration of the vote just taken.

Mr. Towles had desired to offer an amendment to the resolution, which would "pour oil on the troubled waters."

His amendment was as follows:

Resolved by the House of Representatives, That in the opinion of the representatives of the people of Kentucky all schemes or plans for the general emancipation of the slaves of Kentucky, whether immediate or gradual, are unwise and impracticable, and that it is politic and prudent to avoid all agitation of this subject.

Mr. Hughes' amendment was adopted. The question now being upon the adoption of the resolution, and the yeas and nays being called, stood yeas 93, nays 0; and so the resolution was unanimously adopted.

REMARKS OF MR. MARSH, of Feble, in the House, Feb. 16, on the Petition asking a Dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Marsh said that there were two methods by which the Union might be dissolved; the first entirely revolutionary,

accomplished by a resort to force among the several sovereign States comprising the same, and if superior in point of power, the effect is dissolution; the second tantamount to the first, an agreement among a majority or three-fourths of the States to abandon the compact—and although the other States as parties to the same do not consent, yet if the former persist, and succeed by resort to arms, or amend the National Constitution in the manner therein pointed out, Art. 5. These are matters, however, not directly now under consideration. The question is, "shall the petition be received and referred?" It must be admitted that the right of petition is fundamental and consistent with a political Republican Government. The 19th Sec. of the 8th Art. of our State Constitution says: "That the people have a right to assemble together to consult for their common good, to instruct their Representatives, and to apply to the Legislature for a redress of grievances."

Now, as we cannot specify the subjects upon which the people may exclusively petition, and no other, nor can we specify the State determine for another, nor the whole for a part, what shall be the subject matter of grievance, and what is necessary for the common good, it is reasonable to conclude that the right of petition, all things considered, is a right of which no citizen can be deprived.—The right pre-supposes the duty of some power to receive or accept. If that be true, then the question is, shall they be referred? Now experience has abundantly taught us, that in this matter, as upon similar questions that have arisen elsewhere in the Union, the true and wise policy is to refer the petition, and let the report thereon be circulated through the whole community as a rebuke as well as a satisfactory answer to the unreasonable, inconsistent, and I will add, impossible, and I might say, ANTI-REPUBLICAN prayer of the petitioners.—But, if we smother it here, the spirits that dictate and direct it, the petition, will gather energy and force by what they conceive to be oppression—ad persecution, and will slumber no until it is so answered. I cannot consent to think of dissolving the Union, much less can I approve of the wild and unreasonable schemes of those who may desire its consummation; but to answer them is to convict, and, if possible to convince them of their error.—State Journal.

COMMUNICATED.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

GRAFTON, Feb. 9, 1849.

By this time both yourselves and readers will begin to think that you will never hear again from the lecturing field. I have been thinking so myself, for what with holding meetings, traveling, trying to hunt up those indebted to the society, and other "cares of this world," I have but little time for writing, and almost as little disposition.

Since I communicated with the Bugle, meetings have been held in Pennsylvania; Ashabula, Trumbull, Columbiana, Carroll, Harrison, Cuyahoga, Summit, Medina and Lorain counties, Ohio, a detailed account of which I have not time to give.

Everywhere, it seems to me, that the tone of Anti-Slavery sentiment is rising, although, at the same time, there is more than plenty of that bitter unchristian opposition manifested by the pro-slavery churches and politicians which so long has characterized their proceedings. If I thought that to emancipate the slave, it was necessary to convert the masses of the people to thorough consistent anti-slavery action, I should become disheartened, and be almost ready to give up the contest; but I do not think this in any means necessary. The slave will be a man long before thousands have ever given the subject a thought. Our meetings, on the whole, were well attended, and if one can judge from appearances, considerable good was effected. At Leesburgh, the meetings were well attended, and a glorious spirit prevailed. The Wesleyan friends opened the house, &c., which made things more pleasant than usual. While we were there, our old Episcopal friends tried hard to get up a "revival," but it was of no avail. Their day is past.

At Perryville the Wesleyans were less noble than those of Leesburgh. The house was closed, and an exhorter or preacher of the name of Norrocks locked the door and took the key, declaring the house should not be opened. But "two men of the world" named Casper and Commins, who happened to be trustees, told them if the house was not opened, they would break open the doors.—Still Bro. Norrocks maintained his integrity. A key was found that opened the door, and good meetings were held.

To show the spirit by which some "christians" are actuated, as also to show what agents have sometimes to meet, I will relate a circumstance that transpired at New Market, Harrison county. Two meetings were appointed to be held there. It used to be one of my preaching places several years ago, when I was a "believer." Mr. Curtis went on to hold them on one of the coldest days of the season. I was quite sick—had been unable to attend the meeting the evening previous to all. I said to Henry, we will call at the first house where I am acquainted, for I feel I ought not to ride much farther. The friend at whose house we stopped was a Wes-

leyan—one who used to think there was no man like myself. I supposed that he did not exactly agree with me, but he was a great abolitionist, and would, of course, on that account, and on the ground of former intimacy, treat us kindly, and bid us welcome. We rode up sick and freezing; he came out—his wife stood in the door. I asked after their health, &c. And there we sat—and from the house turned away without being asked to alight, to put up our horses, or aught else. My heart sickened. I felt infinitely mean, not on mine own or colleague's account, but on account of the man whose religion had eaten up his humanity. He told another Wesleyan, a few days before this, that if we called, he would ask me if I believed that Jesus Christ was God, and if I did not, he would tell us he did not want us about his house!

What blindness to profess Christ, and then treat Christ in the person of one of his children like dogs. Christ says to that brother, and all such, "inasmuch as ye did it not to them, ye did it unto me." To show George Foster that I can (Infidel as I am,) treat a man as a man, I invite him or any other to the hospitalities of my house, and will rejoice to have the opportunity to feed them if they are hungry, to clothe them if they are naked, to minister to them if they are sick.

We found a hearty welcome to, and a pleasant home with, G. W. Adams and lady, and had good meetings. After leaving those counties, we had excellent meetings at Cool Springs and Columbiana; at the latter we were assisted and encouraged by Isaac and Jane Treecott, who both took active part in the meeting.

To-day I see in the letter of friend Treat reference to the debate with Elder Barrie & Co. I thought his impression was that we did not go to the meeting according to engagement. We went, after traveling a good many miles to get there, to the house of Mr. Barrie to make inquiry about the place, etc. This was on the evening preceding the debate. He told us that he had been sick, and unable to attend to the matter—that no arrangements had been made for the discussion, and none was expected. I told him that so far as we were concerned, the matter must be brought to a close; twice had we traveled quite a number of miles to discuss the question with him, and been disappointed—that we would make no further arrangements. He did not even intimate that he would like to debate at any other time. How he could go to the meeting and say he was willing to meet any man, I cannot tell.

We had no conception from what he said that there would be a soul present. Not being acquainted in Harford, we went on to Hartford that night. I am glad, however, that they got a Treat.

The Methodists, with Abner Keller at their head, gave characteristic evidence of their deep interest in the truth.

Everywhere the Methodist preachers are declaring that their church is clear of slavery now, and the poor sheep are gulled thereby. I will send an article on this subject very soon.

Since I have been in Medina I have been alone—Mr. Curtis being unable to travel longer. When I got to Richfield, no appointments had been received—the paper not getting there for a week after publication. So with several other places; but I did the best I could—got good meetings at several places, and feel as though I would like to do two men's work if I could.

Yours in haste, W.

Some Work to do.

MARLBORO' Feb. 13th, 1849.

Friend, sitting here and reading this article, if you were a Slave, would you not like to hear a newspaper published and circulated to free you? Well, 300,000 of your brothers in the South are Slaves, and this paper which you hold in your hand, is printed and sent over the country, to help free them. And as you would want to have it live and prosper, if it was devoted to the work of redeeming you from Slavery, you ought equally to wish to have it do so, now that it is engaged in the work of redeeming others. The Anti-Slavery Bugle then, that is, this paper which you are holding, must be sustained. It must be, because if you were the Slave, you would want to hear it.

What then, are you willing to do, to sustain it? Are you a subscriber for it? You are now reading it, perhaps you read it every week, but do you take it? If not, will you not? It will only cost you a dollar in advance for 52 numbers, and that is cheap enough, as you well know yourself. Besides, you will feel better to read your own paper, than to have to borrow one. If you have not a dollar on hand, you can ask one of your neighbors to lend it to you. You need not fear that you will not be able to pay him, for lay your hand on your heart and tell me if you do not spend many a dollar in the course of the year, for things not half so important—yes, for things not important at all. But now, if you thus throw away your money, instead of giving it for a Bugle, do you do as you would be done by? Do the Slave the justice, then, to subscribe for this advocate of his cause, and when you do that, do another thing, pay.

But perhaps you are a subscriber. Well so far, so good; but do you not owe, possibly for a year past? Then you are not sus-

taining the paper. Pay the old score, and then add another dollar for the present or next volume, before you even dream that you are sustaining it. You are only injuring it. And don't think of preaching to the slaveholder to do right, when you won't do so yourself.

But if you are both a subscriber and payer, then the next question is, have you done all you could to get others to subscribe? Ah, that begins to look like work! Yes, it does, that's certain; but then you were made to work, and you are not an abolitionist unless you do work. And then, too, the Slave has to work harder, so if you love him as yourself, you'll not make that an objection!—Don't think you can't get any body to subscribe, you can. Have a little faith. Just try, and you will have faith. It will be turned into sight before you know it. And if when you appeal to your neighbors, they have not the money by them, lend it to them; and if they are never going to have it, take grain or Store pay, in return. I will warrant you there are ways enough, if you are only in earnest. "Where there's a will, there's a way." Merely place yourself in the condition of the slave, and be fully determined that the Bugle shall be sustained to free him, and you'll get subscribers. If you do not find it so on trial, write me down a false prophet.

But if you ask some who are so poor they can't pay, subscribe for them, pay yourself, and give them the paper, or if you know of any one in particular who ought to take it, but will not, send it to him in the same way. Do not think this hard, for it is not; on the contrary, it is an absolute luxury. What is money good for, only to use in this very way? It ought to be a self denial to you not to use it so. But if after all you think it hard, is it as hard as slavery? Then blush you could so far have forgotten the bondman, as to count it a task to part with two or three bankbills for the sake of striking off his bonds!

But if you have done all these things, to the extent of your ability, then don't let that word file have a place in your dictionary.—Don't try to keep one. Don't think of such a thing. Loan your papers to your neighbors to read; give them away; keep them going; scatter them in all directions, and with them, "fire brands, arrows, and death"—firebrands of agitation, arrows to the heart of some pro-slavery man, and death to the Moloch of southern oppression. Make a real business of it.

Here then, is work for you. For you, to whichever class of individuals I have addressed, you belong. And, Brother, it is work that must be done. You must never give up to do it. "There's no such word as fail." Don't think because I have written this article in so light a strain, that therefore the duty which I press upon you, is either not duty, or else not important. It is both.—And you've said that you would consider it so, if you were the slave. Then think of the miserable victims in the far South who are killed off in whole gangs every seven years. Think of those rational creatures of God, who are herded with four footed beasts and creeping things by the million. Think of those as good as you, sold on the auction block along with tallow candles by the pound. Think of woman in the South-land, compelled to live a life of concubinage and prostitution. Think, O think of all these unutterable horrors, and then say if you will not do this work. By your love for yourself, by your own yearningly desires to be happy, by all your hopes of mercy—I conjure you, deny not the slave so small a boon as this little effort. And this is to you. Thou art the man! And now, is the time!

JOSEPH TREAT.

P. S. Local Agents, and indeed all abolitionists, ought to be particularly active in procuring subscribers, immediately after Lecturers have been in their vicinities.—When the people have just heard the system of slavery exposed, and their own duty in regard to it pointed out, they will be far more ready to subscribe than at any other time, and the local agent by going around to their houses, can obtain the names of many who would not sign in the public meeting, and whom the lecturer could not go and see.—And wherever there are three or four abolitionists in one neighborhood, they ought to club together and among them take Garrison's Liberator, or the National Anti-Slavery Standard, or Douglass' North Star, in addition to their individually taking the Bugle. In this way, and at a trifling expense, they may all read a number of papers.

J. T.

Dr. E. D. Hudson, of Springfield, Mass., known in this and other vicinities as an earnest Anti-Slavery lecturer of the Garrison school, has become associated with Prof. B. F. Palmer, late of Meredith Bridge, N. H., in the manufacture and sale of the Premium Patent Leg invented by Prof. P. a few years since—perhaps the most perfect substitute for the human leg that has ever been devised. Dr. H., we believe, was led to engage in this business from the circumstances of his son's unfortunate loss of a limb a few months since, which was promptly and elegantly replaced by Prof. P. The Limb Factory, heretofore carried on in Meredith, has been removed to Springfield, Mass.

Good luck to ye, Doctor, in your new vocation! It can't pay so wretchedly as

does the business of converting people to the religion of Liberty and Humanity. Folks will have legs to walk on, whether they have heart or not. Herkimer Freeman.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.
SALEM, MARCH 2, 1849.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Petition for Disunion.

It will be seen by the information contained in another column that a petition has been presented to the Ohio Legislature, asking that body to call a State Convention to take measures for seceding from the Federal Union; and that after several efforts to otherwise dispose of it, it was referred to a committee of one—Dr. Townshend.

"The State Journal," remarking upon it, says:

"Matters of this character, representing, as we believe, the sentiments of no political party in the State, and being the mere productions of minds disabled by the excessive contemplation of one subject alone, are worthy of little attention, and should not long occupy the time of a legislative Assembly. They are perfectly harmless."

Suppose the petition does not represent the sentiments of any political party, have no other sentiments a right to be presented to the Legislature, and the request of those who urge their adoption fully and deliberately considered, whether such consideration occupies a longer or a shorter time? Is it political parties only that have rights? Are the petitions of all non-voters to be received with as little consideration as possible, when they ask for something for which politicians have not asked? We know this doctrine is practically adopted by many who are influenced far more by the number of voters who sign a petition than the character of the thing asked for; and we know, too, that such doctrine is flagrantly unjust, though in perfect harmony with the character of party politics.

The petition that was presented gave twelve reasons why Ohio should secede from the Union, and we should be glad if the "Journal" could, by some means, be prevailed upon to spread them before its readers. But what sufficient inducement can be offered it to do so? The Disunionists are the exponents of no political party, they speak only for Truth and Justice, and have no votes to dispose of; while the "Journal" is the State organ of the Whigs, and is so much engaged in building higher the party walls and repairing the recent breaches, it has no time to come down and notice the "perfectly harmless" propositions advanced in the petition. "Harmless" as they are, the "Journal" might find some difficulty in showing their fallacy; and were it not too much like a David challenging a Goliath, we would invite it to discuss any or all of the twelve propositions, promising to publish in our columns all it can say against them.

The signers of that petition are citizens of Ohio, and as deeply interested in the prosperity of the State as any who can be found. They desire that Ohio shall be free, not only in name, but in fact. They would have her more prosperous, more intellectual, more moral; and to effect this, they would have her withdraw from a Union which curses all who enter into it. If their arguments are not unanswerable, let them be answered—not passed by with the epithet of "harmless," or the more common one of "reasonable." Let them be answered, we repeat, not met with glorifications of the Union, or a threatened publication of Washington's Farewell Address, as the Senate did two years since. The day has gone by for such childish exhibitions, and they who have taken hold of this Disunion movement are not to be turned from their purpose by aught except stern, irrefutable argument.

We wish it were the custom here, as in Massachusetts, to grant all petitioners who desire it, an opportunity of being heard before the committee to whom their petitions are referred. This would seem to be the more just and democratic plan, especially when, as in the present case, there is no member of the Legislature to act as their representative. We are, however, well satisfied with the committee to whom the petition is referred. And if, in his examination of it, Dr. Townshend should find himself on the wrong side, we trust his views of expediency, and his desire to do something politically, will not stifle his convictions of right and induce him to do evil with the hope that good may come. We look with much interest for the report, and hope to receive an early copy of it.

A Pious President.

The progress of the President elect from his slave wrought plantation in Louisiana to the slave trading District of Columbia, is being chronicled in newspaper columns in all its minutiae, as though it was of all other things the subject most interesting to the people, as it doubtless is to many. Several of the battles which brought Taylor so much glory were fought on the Sabbath, on the principle, we presume, that the day sancti-

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

sed the deed; and we perceive that in his civil, as in his military career, the Sabbath receives the like consideration at his hands. He reached Memphis, Tenn., on the Sabbath, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy; and on another Sabbath, landed at Louisville, Ky., where he was honored with a salute, and escorted by a detachment of military. One would hardly think after hearing of these and similar facts, that the General was a life member of a Missionary Society, and carried with him a clerical certificate of christianity, which even St. Peter ought to consider valid.

The Presbyterian ladies of Frankfort, it is stated, presented him with a copy of the Bible and the United States Constitution bound up together, considering, we presume, the two equally sacred, and both the defences of slavery. In accepting the gift, the General, in the course of his remarks, said:

"If there were in that Book nothing but its great precept: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' that precept were obeyed, our government might extend over the whole continent."

Let him try the working of that precept on his plantation, let him carry it into the cabin of the slaves, touch with it their galling chains, and stand humbled in their presence, a repentant man-thief. Is he a fool, that he does not know he violates that precept every day he lives the life of a slaveholder—that he wrote his denial of it in bloody characters upon the fields of Mexico as plainly as the heroes of '76 recorded their denial of king George's authority at Concord and Bunker Hill? or is he a knave that knows his duty, but does it not? or a poor weak brother that has not moral strength to withstand temptation?

It is profanity for the lips of a slaveholder or a warrior to give utterance to this glorious precept, while his soul is filled with the spirit of oppression and of blood; for God is Love, and Love is the foundation of this law. "Give 'em hell, damn 'em," we opine, is in spirit and in language much more befitting the character of General Taylor; and it is to be hoped that while he is what he is, he will strive to confine himself to such forms of expression as will give a dauntless type likeness of his real sentiments.

The Presidential Election.

There were 2,874,712 votes cast in the United States at the late Presidential election, not counting the vote of North Carolina, whose Legislature elects the state electors. Of these,

Taylor received in the free States, 925,467
" " in the slave States, 435,983
Cass received in the free States, 810,560
" " in the slave States, 411,360
Van Buren received in free States, 291,039
" " in slave States, 203

Each of the leading candidates received the electoral vote of fifteen States.

Taylor received the vote of free States, 9
" " the vote of slave States, 6
Cass received the vote of free States, 8
" " the vote of slave States, 7

The nine free States which cast their vote for Taylor, gave 97 electoral votes; the six slave States gave 66 votes. The eight free States which voted for Cass, gave 72 votes; the seven slave States 55 votes.

Electoral vote of free States 166
" " of slave States 131

The total number of votes cast in the free States was 2,027,066, this divided by 169—the number of their electoral votes—gives, in round numbers one elector to each 11,995 voters. The total number of votes cast in the slave States was 907,646; dividing this by North Carolina 60,000 votes, allows this by 191—the number of their electoral votes—and we shall find there is one elector to each 7,501 southern voters!

Had the ratio of actual representation been the same in the northern as in the southern States, the North would have had 270 electors; but it was not, hence 759,486 northern voters were virtually disfranchised—almost as great an array as the entire number of southern voters. Why this difference, and by what authority does it exist? The human property of the South, her three millions of slaves are counted in the apportionment of representatives under the constitutional phrase "three fifths of all other persons."—It is by virtue of the Constitution, by the requirement of one of the religiously observed compromises that 760,000 northern voters are disfranchised in fact, while they retain in form the right to vote. Slavery wills it, the Constitution provides for it, the permanency of the Union requires it, and men of political eminence, and of religious reputation have pronounced it moral treason to say aught against it.

A Letter.

A few days since we received a letter which read in this wise.

DEAR SIR:

I take this opportunity to send to you for the Anti-Slavery Bugle, and I hope that you will send it. I have been a slave, and left the South to get free, and I am now in the North and then thought I was happy. When I found that the church made slaves, I left it, I heard Mr. Walker speak at Richmond, and was glad to think I had a friend.

C. W. B.

Had the writer of the above been educated in college instead of on a southern plantation,

tion, his moral vision might have been far less clear. "When I found the church made slaves, I left it." Who, within the short space of ten words, could have recorded a better action and the motive which led to it? That sentence is worth more to humanity than a hundred of the best volumes ever written to cover up the crimes of a man-stealing church. A Doctor of Divinity could have given a thousand reasons for remaining in connection with slaveholders, could have expatiated largely upon the good which he could do them by continuing a member of the same organization, could have spoken eloquently against the disruption of Zion, and have brought a legion of texts from Genesis down to Revelations to prove that God, Christ, and the Apostles all sanctioned or tolerated slavery; but all this would not bear, even to the sectarian, the seal of Truth and the authority of Right as does the record of the unlettered slave, "When I found the church made slaves, I left it!"

SALMON P. CHASE, was, on the 22nd inst. elected by the Ohio Legislature to the U. S. Senate for six years from the 4th of March next. The fourth and last ballot stood as follows:

Thomas Ewing - - - 39 votes.
Salmon P. Chase - - - 55 "
Joshua R. Giddings - - - 11 "
John C. Vaughan - - - 1 "

The successful nominee will undoubtedly do a good Free Soil work at Washington, for he is a man of talents, and interested to prevent the non-extension of slavery.

ANOTHER BLOW AGAINST SLAVERY.—A year or more since, the British government sent an agent to Australia to try whether the soil of that country was adapted to the cultivation of cotton. The experiment was tried with American seed, and succeeded to admiration. It is predicted that in a few years Great Britain will procure cotton for her textiles from her colonies, and no longer be dependent upon the slaveholders for a supply. Alas for the cotton-raising South!

VALUABLE WORK FOR INVENTORS.—Munn & Co. publishers of the "Scientific American," have issued a pamphlet of 25 pages, containing the Patent Laws of the United States, together with all other information necessary to enable a man to make a proper application for a patent, even to the amount of fee required as a preliminary. Price 12 cents single, 12 copies for \$1. Address Munn & Co. New York.

The February No. of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE has come to hand. It is embellished with three steel engravings, one excellent wood engraving, and seven small cuts of minor merit. Among its contributors are T. S. Arthur, Park Benjamin, W. G. Simms, G. S. Burleigh and Ann A. Stephens. Several of its articles we have read and found them good. The publisher states he has made arrangements that will secure contributions from some of the best writers in England; yet the work will continue to be peculiarly American in its character, which will doubtless be a recommendation to some whose patriotism is local rather than general.

GRAHAM'S March No. has arrived in good season, and is a fair specimen of the way he gets up his monthly. It contains four engravings, among which is a very fine one of "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," and an ordinary one of Gen. Taylor's plantation. In the description of the latter, we are told the view embraces, among other points of interest "the cottages of the laborers," which we understand to mean the quarters of his slaves, but then as cottages sound much prettier and more poetical than quarters, and laborers more democratic than slaves, the former expression is used. The whipping post is in the back ground, entirely out of sight.

So far as we are able to judge from a somewhat hasty perusal of a portion of the contents, their literary character is fully upon a par with that of the contributions to the other numbers for this year.

THE New York Tribune, under date of February 16th, gives the following sketch of the remarks of Gen. Wilson in the House, on the Mexican Indemnity Bill.

To Gen. James H. Wilson of New Hampshire was next conceded the floor, among the dozens who jumped for it as the Chairman's hammer knocked down Mr. S. in full career. And such a speech as Wilson gave us is not heard once a Congress in either House. It was energetic, eloquent, thrilling, electrifying. I never saw the House so stirred up by a speech devoid of personal application. By a few bold and rapid strokes he set Free and Slave Labor fairly and vividly before us—showed that in a Free State Labor is the native condition to which we are all born and which only a few can escape—that Labor has there on its side Self-Respect, Hope, and Consciousness of Power—that the woes of the most abject are lightened by the knowledge that their children may very probably rank with the most eminent and affluent in the land—that Labor cannot be deeply degraded while the laborer feels that his vote can neutralize that of the proudest and wealthiest. Common Schools, and the children of the poorest returning from them with testimonials of merit won in fair competition with the children of the greatest and richest—all the charac-

teristics of a land of Free Labor, glowing in the eloquent appeal of Gen. Wilson.

Turning thence to contemplate a land cursed by Slavery, he showed that hopelessness is the very first element of the social condition of its laboring class.—The Slave must never feel that he can be any thing but a Slave. He must never hope that his children will enjoy the fruits of his labors, nor even of their own.—All he is, all he does, belong to another; his wife, his children, are another's.—What can be expected of him but sloth, stupidity, and eye service? How can a country self-cursed by such a system, be expected to flourish? Look all around you upon a land blighted by Slavery and Slave Labor. Go out of this city in any direction, and see how the earth lies barren and desolate beneath the footstep of the Slave. Compare the means of moral, mental, and religious improvement in Free and Slave States—how striking the contrast! And shall we, the Representatives of Freedom, permit the New Territory just added to our country to be blasted with such a system of Slavery? Dare we do it? For one, said Gen. W. I will hear of no arrangements, which I will listen to no compromises, which surrender to Slavery one inch of soil on which it is not now established by law. I will not give it one millionth part of an inch for any consideration whatever. Talk not to me of the horrors of disunion—I will not consent to extend Slavery to save the Earth from destruction, the Universe itself from dissolution. Above all parties, all policy, all dangers even, I stand for the preservation of Free Soil and Freedom.

Indian Incidents.

A pair of incidents have come to our knowledge respecting the Chippewa Indians, now sojourning in the city, which are so characteristic of the race that we cannot refrain from presenting them to our readers.

The first of these has reference to one of the women, whose name is *Pum-ma-ge-on-ne-quah*, or Woman of the Murmuring Stream. She is the wife of the orator of the party, and when she left Lake Superior in October last, she brought along her only infant, aged about six months. On the arrival of the party in Philadelphia the child was suddenly taken sick and died. The grief of the mother knew no bounds, and for several entire days did she hang over the child, ever and anon giving utterance to a monotonous wail, and decking its head with all the ornaments in her possession. All this was noticed by Major Martell, who conceived the idea of having a daguerreotype likeness taken of the child, and this having been accomplished, the child was deposited in a vault and the likeness given to the mother.

On Monday night last, while one of the chiefs composing the Chippewa delegation was relating a story to the writer of this article, and in the presence of the entire party, an allusion was made to the nature of death, which caused the childless mother and her husband, as they sat together upon the floor, to bow their heads and weep. The story proceeded, and we watched with intense interest the movements of the bereaved mother.—Then it was that we saw her take from her bosom (as if unconscious of the company present) the portrait alluded to, and, as she pressed it convulsively to her lips a number of times, she accompanied each movement by this exclamation: "Oh, my poor child! my poor child!" She then handed the picture to her husband, and, as his keen black eye suddenly filled with tears, he also kissed the picture a number of times, and, returning it to his wife, he turned his face towards the story-teller, as if endeavoring to follow him, while the wife immediately dropped her needle and hid her face in the lap of her husband.

A more touching picture of grief than this we have never witnessed; but Major Martell tells us that what we saw is only a repetition of what he has seen a great many times since he left Philadelphia.—The unhappy parents, he tells us, are always the first to awake in the morning, and they never resume their daily duties without first putting their heads together over the precious picture for the purpose of uttering an incoherent prayer.—The one idea which seems to absorb the mind of the benighted Indian mother is this, that she may yet return to Philadelphia, and upon her own back carry the remains of her offspring to the burial-place of her fathers in the remote wilderness.

The second incident to which we have alluded is of a very different character from the above, and is as follows: Five members of the Indian party already mentioned lately went out in the afternoon to enjoy an airing. They strayed over the Long Bridge across the Potomac, and, having been treated with a comfortable glass of liquor by some kind friend, they continued their walk until they reached a pleasant wood on one of the hills looking down upon the Potomac.—They had their bows and arrows with them, and succeeded in killing a rabbit and two or three small birds. Night came on, but instead of returning to their comfortable quarters in the city (for the weather was cold) these wild fellows kindled a fire in the woods, and having enjoyed a genuine Indian repast and sung a number of strange songs, they erected a few boughs over their heads, and there enjoyed a sound sleep until the morning. They returned to the city on the following day, apparently greatly benefited by

their temporary release from the oppressive confinement of the metropolis.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

The following appeal is from the pen of Parker Pillsbury, and though we know of no Taylor Ball in progress in these parts, the truths it contains are needed to be spoken throughout the length and breadth of our land.

TO THE WOMEN OF CONCORD, N. H.

It is understood that a Grand Festival and Ball, will be given in this town the present month, particularly in honor of Zachary Taylor. The arrangements are entrusted to a numerous and powerful Board of Managers, and nothing probably will be wanting to grace the occasion, which pride or wealth can procure.

But it need not be said to you, that the climax of attraction, the crowning charm of the whole scene, that without which the entire programme of arrangements would be a most barren and unmeaning scroll, must be, THE WOMEN.

Occupying then a position so important, able to wield so omnipotent an influence in favor of or against the cause of Virtue and Humanity, with an opportunity for a testimony and a demand too for it, which can scarcely occur a second time in all the years of a life, will you not suffer a friendly word on the character and objects of the approaching Festival, and the importance of your decision in regard to it?

And first, what has Zachary Taylor ever done, that he should thus be adored as a Divinity, and his praises be celebrated in song and dance? Where are the credentials of his goodness? Of what Virtue is he the patron saint? What institution of learning, humanity or religion, was ever reared by him, or baptized into his name? What fiery furnace of sorrow and affliction was ever quenched by the out-gushing sympathies of his soul? What widows sing his praises, or orphans lip his name, with gratitude as breath of angels? What poverty smiles before him, and invokes the best benisons of heaven on his head?

Howard smothered his life away in dens and dungeons of corruption and misery, that he might minister to those whose crimes or calamities had walled them off from human sympathy, from happiness or hope. Clarkson battled the dragon of British colonial slavery for half a century, and died amid the shouting gratitude of eight hundred thousand emancipated slaves, whose liberty was the golden harvest of his life of toil.—But does the spirit of Howard burn in the breast of Zachary Taylor? Or descended on him the mantle of Clarkson?

Or where, tell us, are the monuments of his greatness? Columbus found the Western Hemisphere, and gave it to his race. Newton built a turnpike to the stars, and drove his chariot like Phaeton over the Milky Way; setting guideboards and milestones all along his path for the benefit of future travellers in coming time. Bacon, as with the fire of Prometheus, lighted up and animated the cold corpse of ancient philosophy, and centuries to come will not have reaped all the millennium of blessings which flowed thence to mankind. Jefferson's pen, Henry's voice, Washington's sword, and Warren's blood, shivered the chains that bound us to the throne of British despotism. Franklin caught and tamed the lightning—Professor Morse harnessed it in telegraphic traces, and now, quicker than thought, it runs our errands for us, all over the continent. Fulton begat the breed of iron horses, swift and terrible by sea as steeds of Neptune, omnipotent on land as the Titans of ancient minstrelsy, warring upon the very gods.

Such are a few trophies of goodness and of greatness; but what, tell us, what has Zachary Taylor done?—They want you to celebrate his praises, with holo-causts of song and mirth—but what good or great deed has he ever done?

Ask history. History had not heard of him, till slavery demanded the sacrifice of the Seminole Indians, for building a City of Refuge in the almost impenetrable everglades of Florida, for the poor fugitives from Southern oppression.—The slave was hungry, the Seminole fed him. He was sick and a stranger, the Seminole took him in. But the poor Seminole died a martyr to his humanity, and Zachary Taylor, with his Cuba blood hounds, imported at his own demand, were the chosen High Priests to officiate at the sacrifice. In justice to many of the Whigs, be it said, they piled upon the terrible tragedy their unmingled execrations.

Let history further tell us. But history buried her acquaintance with him for years in the tomb of the murdered Seminoles. We heard no more of Zachary Taylor, until slavery again thirsted for human flesh.

And now, in the records on high, are registered forty thousand Mexicans, whose blood and mangled corpses fatten the very soil we have plundered from them, the rightful owners, only that it may be shaded and darkened with slavery as with orchards of the deadly Up-as.

And who was the first choler leader in this constellation of horrors and atrocities, unparalleled, unutterable? Zachary Taylor—the very Divinity whose praises you are to celebrate with feasting and dances, and instruments of music.

O, could I wake the winds of the South to gather the groans and dying agonies which rent the heavens at the

death-storm that fell on Monterey, when infancy and old age, the strong man and the beautiful woman, the mother, the maiden, the Sister of Charity and veal virgin, all lay piled in sickening winnows of ghastly carnage, struck with lightning and thunderbolts from the clouds and batteries of Zachary Taylor's artillery! O, could those winds but be commissioned to hurl onward this howling chorus of terror, and pour it in one focal burst upon your ear, in the midst of your monstrous mirth, how would you stand frozen, petrified into living statues! And yet, be it known unto you all, that from this one field of blood, this one dreary desert, sown with unnumbered corpses, all mangled and murdered at the bidding of slavery, did Zachary Taylor reap that harvest of renown, which has availed to elevate him to the proudest station in the gift of the American people!!!

Such is the Divinity, whose praises the women of Concord and the country are required to celebrate.

Need it be told you, that to all these other enormities in the character of this bloody idol of the people, must be added that crowning curse of all, the guilt of owning, driving and plundering a multitude of slaves, more than a hundred of whom are women!—women as yourselves—with hearts tender as yours, with souls as immortal, with loves as pure; but whose hearts are broken, whose souls are almost extinguished in endless night, whose loves are trampled upon by the iron heel of their master, heavier than the shodden hoof of his war-horse! And is such a man to be praised and worshipped by women, by Northern women, young and old! A man who carries women to market—who makes havoc of marriage—who denies it altogether to three millions of the people of this country in each successive generation—who countenances, if he does not carry on that brokerage which consigns woman's beauty and chastity, in shrinking, shuddering horror, to the arms of most damned lust! In God's most holy name, are the women of Concord sunk to this?

Marius and Sylla, purged with corruption and vice, had their female worshippers, even after Rome was rid of their rottenness, and the world of so loathsome a burden. The Grecian Deities had their Bacchantes, their Thyades and Menades, priestesses of their disgusting worship. But this was before the angels had sung the advent of Christianity, or the star of Bethlehem had shined on the plains of Greece, or hills of Rome.

Shall now the women of Concord in New England, in almost the two thousandth year of grace, bow in adoration of one in whom they look in vain for a single attribute of true greatness or real goodness?—whose only virtue is, that he is brave in battle, like his own blood-hounds?—and whose crowning excellence, in the opinion of multitudes who sought him for the Presidency, was, that he owned a hundred women, as good, in their Creator's eye, as you, all of whom he robs of humanity, and plunges them down to snare with his horses and kennel with his hounds, as if they were not immortal as the angels, but beasts that perish!

Women of Concord, God will hold you responsible, in a mighty degree, for this contemplated outrage on Virtue, as well as Justice and Humanity. Your own husbands and brothers will wonder that you can yield to so unnatural a demand, as to celebrate the grandeur and glory of a man, whose crimes were the seed of which his triumphs are the harvest.—Many of those who will attend would be proud of wife or sister, who should spurn such worship with unutterable execration.

Go now to your chambers of secret retirement and meditation, and carry with you these lines of friendly entreaty and remembrance. Spread them out before God and your own consciences. And as you bow your spirits in the presence of only the All-Seeing Eye, decide whether you will dishonor your womanhood, degrade your dignity, and stain and mar the divinity your Creator has impressed in his own image upon you, by mingling in such a sacrifice. Decide as conscience in all coming life, as a dying hour, as the revelations and decisions of the great day, and as all the remembrances and experience of coming endless ages, shall approve.

R. Y.

Concord, N. H. Feb. 9th 1849.

Ohio's Patent Democracy.

The Democracy and Whiggery of Fairfield county—or a portion of them—have been holding an indignation meeting, and thundering against the repeal of the Black Laws. They wish it understood, we presume, that they are Democrats, but not ultra Democrats.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, We have learned by the reported proceedings of the Ohio Legislature, now in session, that the acts of 1804 and 1807 have been repealed by said body, and whereas we deem it our duty as well as our privilege as citizens and electors of Ohio to assemble ourselves together and express our opinions of men and measures, therefore

Resolved, That we most unqualifiedly disapprove, deprecate and deplore the repeal of the Black Laws of Ohio.

Resolved, That we hold as unworthy of our confidence and support each and every member of the Legislature who aided in the least in the repeal of said laws.

Resolved, That the Whigs were insincere in advocating the repeal of said

laws before the people—and that the Democrats were equally insincere in their opposition to said repeal, as is clearly shown by the votes of the respective parties on the passage of the bill.

Resolved, That the majority of the members of the Ohio Legislature have betrayed the confidence reposed in them, and have proved to a demonstration that they are a set of base hypocrites and dishonest politicians.

Resolved, That they shall have their reward.

Resolved, That we hereby call upon every Democrat and Whig to retrace his steps, and support, by all the means in his power, the bill introduced by Mr. Chase, of Butler county, viz: to prevent blacks and mulattoes from settling in Ohio.

Resolved, That we are opposed to Free Soilism, Abolitionism, Demagoguism and Negroism.

Resolved, That our Senator and Representatives are hereby instructed to introduce a bill as a substitute for those repealed—and never vote for an adjournment till such a bill has become a statute.

Resolved, That we call upon honest Whigs and Democrats in every county, township and school district in Ohio, to assemble themselves together and express their true sentiments concerning the repeal of the Black Laws of Ohio.

UPPER ROUTE FOR CALIFORNIA.—A genius in New York has invented an air machine by which he expects to navigate to California. A model was to be exhibited in the Broadway Tabernacle, and if it worked well, a machine to carry from one to two hundred passengers was to be immediately constructed. The "New York Sun" describes the working of the model as follows:—

"The model steamer was eleven feet and a half long, and twenty five inches in diameter, with a saloon three feet by four inches. It is composed of two parts—the upper portion is the 'float' or 'balloon,' built in the form of a segar; underneath this is the saloon or 'bat,' for conveying passengers, fuel, the 'steam engine,' &c. Between the float and saloon are two large propellers, something in the form of the wheel of a wind mill. The two propellers are constructed so as to act upon the air in the same manner that a screw propeller acts upon the water propeller, is driven by a steam engine. The weight of the Aerial Steamer is supported in the atmosphere by the buoyant power of hydrogen gas, with which the float is inflated. On being inflated and set in motion, the steamer flew rapidly around the hall in every direction, as steered by the rudder. The rate of speed was fifty feet in five seconds.

Receipts.

Wm. Radcliff, Hampden,	\$1.50-136
Hiram Fowler, Fowler's Mills,	1.00-262
Andrew Pontius, Sycamore,	.50-208
Alex. M. Butler,	1.00-234
Amos H. Lundy,	1.00-231
J. L. Wilson,	1.50-260
Wm. Hock, Belle Vernon,	1.00-234
John Mohler, Lodi,	2.00-290
Thomas Gray, Pensville,	2.00-242
J. L. Michener, Nottingham,	1.00-180
A. H. Wilmet, Painesville,	2.50-199
M. Adams,	2.25-184
R. Eddy,	2.25-184
Martha Rankin, Vermont, Ill.,	2.00-179
Ranford Knox, Fowler's Mills,	3.00-212
David Williams, Chester's Roads,	2.00-191
Sam'l W. Treat, Cleveland,	1.00-230
Susan Jenks, Hartsfield,	1.50-175
Geo. Paddeck, Liberty, 2nd,	1.00-137
Jabez L. Burrell, Oberlin,	1.00-230
Joseph B. Heighston, Rootstown,	1.00-236
Rebecca Tagg,	1.00-183
Sam'l R. Mix,	1.00-190
Harnet Jones, Ravenna,	1.50-182
E. M. Stephenson, New Bedford,	1.00-233
Phebe Vanfleet,	1.00-230
A. M. Vanfleet, Middletown,	1.00-233
John Gilbert, W. Middlesex,	50-205
Lyman Ward, Litchfield,	1.00-234
T. Woodworth,	50-205
G. Brooker,	50-209
S. R. Stranahan,	50-208
C. Mattoon,	50-208
E. Rice,	50-208
W. S. Stranahan,	50-208
C. A. Stranahan,	50-208
W. P. Boyce,	50-208
M. G. Chamberlain,	50-208
J. Nutt, Galena,	2.00-209
E. R. Cooper, Heberaville,	1.10-290
Jas. Davis, Westville,	62-183
John Watson, Mt. Union,	1.25-229
Wm. Kirk, Salem,	2.25-182
Sol. Teagarden, Mt. Union,	1.00-232
D. H. Hise, Salem,	2.50-200
Z. Jenkins,	1.00-230
F. Irish, Covington,	1.50-199
W. J. Sholey, Middle Branch,	1.00-233
D. H. Hise,	2.00
Romano Pool, Welshfield,	2.00-170
W. H. Crittenden, Grafton,	2.00-172
M. L. Ingersoll,	1.50-216
S. S. Beckwith, Litchfield,	1.00-234
Ellen Clark, Wadsworth,	95-173
J. J. Warner,	1.00-230
W. Brownwell, Bath,	1.00-235
Ed. Merriam, Olmstead,	50-203
David Moor, Granger,	50-209
Joseph Hogg, Brunswick,	1.00-233
D. W. Thayer, New Bremen,	5.00-193
Edward Walker, Pittsburg,	1.00-178

SPELLING REFORM.

DEPOT OF PHONOGRAPHIC BOOKS!

THE following Phonetic works can be had at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, at Publishers' Prices. Teachers and Lecturers can therefore be supplied without the trouble and expense of sending East.

The Phonographic Class Book,	37 1/2 cts.
" Phonographic Reader,	25 "
" Phonotypic Reader,	15 "
" Phonotypic Chart,	50 "
First Lessons in Phonography,	32 "
Compendium,	66 "

Salem, March 2, 1849.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

POETRY.

From the Home Journal. OUR NURSERY.

BY MRS. J. V. FOSTER.

I wish you could visit our snug little room
In which there is nothing of sadness or gloom;
For "dear little baby" 'tis furnished with
care,
All that she owns or delights in is there;
Its paper 's the prettiest ever seen,
A brown and a blue stripe, with roses be-
tween,
And our child's dimpled finger your notice
will call
To the neatly-framed pictures that hang on
the wall.
Come! peep in the closet,—where each in its
fold,
The whole of her bright winter-wardrobe be-
hold!
Here are thick shoes and leggings, Jack Frost
to defy,
A hood for wet weather, a plumed hat for dry,
A neckerchief "bordered," and braided with
care,
A trig little coat for our darling to wear:
Bring it out! see her eyes dance with joy at
the sight!
And before 'tis half an hour, she is wild with de-
light,
Like a bird to the sunshine and air she would
fly,
Her plump hand she kisses and waves a
"good-bye."
On the mantel are vases, with flowers so gay,
And lamp-lighters stand in the trimmest ar-
ray:
Beneath, like a hand-box sprang up to some
height,
Is a stove that economists term an air-tight,
If the air be kept out, our conclusion has
been,
That the wood, like ourselves, must be oft
taken in.
We've a cradle that many have used in its
day,
Though the time-honored custom is passing
away,
Where mamma in her babyhood rested and
slept,
The toys of her dear little daughter are kept.
Here's a doll made of rags with a cheek like
a rose,
Pray do not examine the shape of her nose!
Our surgeons, this feature to form, have es-
sayed,
And their patients resemble this poor little
maid;
But if "Biddy" were *no* less she still would
be dear,
Would be welcomed and kissed every day in
the year.
Then there's "Lucy," with head made of
porcelain ware,
So fresh-looking always, so cleanly and fair:
When "baby" at eve to her chamber is
borne,
Or laughing and crowing, she wakens at
morn,
Or when sleeping, protected by love from all
harm—
Still "Lucy" is clasped to her soft little
arm.
Here's a curly-haired poodle with hind feet
alone,
To look up the puppy, one eye too has gone!
Nor is he the first pup on two legs we've
known!
Here are books—"Mother Goose" and poor
little "Jack Horner,"
Since I was a child, he has been in the cor-
ner.
His pie must be eaten ere this, without doubt,
Perhaps like "the Starling," he cannot "get
out!"
Here's the bath that is daily prepared for our
daughter,
And sparkling and cold is the freshly-drawn
water;
One white dimpled foot seeks the brim half
afraid,
The other must follow its play-mate to aid,—
She shrinks at the plunge, then with laugh-
ter so wild
She frolics and plays with the glee of a child;
Of dew-drops the casements have oft-times a
share,
And mirror and stove must baptismal robes
wear;
No Canary more joys his soft plumage to
have,
And to flutter and float in the cool mimic
wave.
A year and a month have scarce passed since
the night
When our dear one first opened her eyes to
the light,
Then a wee helpless thing,—now she loves
to repeat
The words to the ear of a parent so sweet;
And her dear little feet patter o'er and o'er,
The length and the breadth of the carpeted
floor:
And her welcome refreshes when weary we
come,
For her voice and her laugh are the music
of home,
It was not thus ever in this little room,
For once there was nothing but sorrow and
gloom:
The Angel of Death, who can enter e'en here,
Had stricken a child no less gentle and dear!
The eye that at morning beamed loving and
bright,
Was evermore closed ere the coming of night.
In this cradle she lay,—yes! in dreamless
sleep there—
An image of all that was lovely and fair!
Through the casement came rushing the cold
wintry air
On the form that in life had been shielded with
care!
Old winter no longer could harm with his
breath,
Our darling benumbed by the finger of Death.
Our little ewe-lamb had been stolen away,
That had drank of our cup, in our bosom that
lay!
Yet, Merciful Father! we did not repine,
Thou hadst taken our all; but the blessing
was Thine!
Although there remained, when thy gift did
depart,
Desolation of home, desolation of heart.
The sunshine was clouded in this little room,
Thereof we resigned it to darkness and
gloom;
None looked from the casement, none stepped
o'er the floor,
Untrodden the threshold—unopened the door!
With eye turned away, we ascended the
stair,
Yet through seeming unconsciousness, tho't
was still there,
And tears rose unbidden, as memory drew
The bright little face that had often peeped
through.

A year passed away:—God remembered us
then,—
A babe to my bosom was pressed once again.
Oh, joyous the welcome! oh, light was the
ill!
The void in our hearts thou wert destined to
fill.
Though none save thy parents, my darling,
might
The manifold beauties foreshadowed in thee.
Then wide was thrown open this bright little
room,
And banished were loneliness, silence and
gloom;
Our child in my arms, I had courage once
more
The portal to enter, the threshold pass o'er.
The sunshine was dancing in glee on the
wall,
And the sunlight of happiness streamed over
all.
Two children our merciful Father had given,
A loved one on earth, and a loved one in Hea-
ven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Life Episode.

BY DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

Or which the reader may believe just as
much as he chooses—though for my part I
believe it all. Not its mere outside garb—
the drapery in which we pen-artists enfold
our model-truths, which we may arrange ex-
actly as we please—but the deep worldwide
verity of human feeling that lies beneath, and
is eternally the same.
The man whose life-episode I purpose here
to unfold, was one whom you might have
met any day in a London street, park, or
omnibus, and not have known that he was
different from other men. Perhaps, reader,
when you peruse this episode you will be
astonished that I thus take from his every
romantic accessory that could throw a halo
around him, and reconcile in a degree the
strange mingling of real and ideal which
overshadows him. I might have clothed him
in a Roman toga, instead of plain broadcloth.
I might have placed his existence in the dark
ages where mysteries abounded. But, no!
—life is as true, as earnest; as full of wild
romance and deep spirituality in these so-
called matter-of-fact days as in those upon
which we look back through the all-hallow-
ing shadows of the past. Is not the inward
life of every one a mystery?—The poet whom
you meet looking just like any other man
—ready to dine, to talk about the weather or
the state of Europe; yet the next day, when
in your solitude you glance over his silent
page—the inner depths of whose heart, ming-
ling with yours, lift your soul into com-
munion with the Infinite. The artist with
whom you may shake hands and interchange
ordinary chat; and anon, looking at whose
work, you become transported into the glo-
rious ideal world which his genius has cre-
ated, in which "the shadowy people of the
realm of dream" grow visible. Are not these
things mysterious?—aye, as deep and strange
as were ever dealt in by necromancer of old!
Therefore, let the reader not start at the
contrast which may jar against his sense of
the supernatural when I take for my hero a
man of this age in every respect. His name
is—no, he shall have a feigned name; the
same as the mournful mother-queen Mar-
guerite gave to her new-born babe at Dan-
ietta—Tristan. It suits well for this man
was a most sorrowful. Let him, then be
Tristan.
He was a man weighed down by cares;
what these were it is needless here to relate.
You may meet as I have said, his likeness
many a time in London streets; and in the
faded dress, the heavy listless gait—the eye
which never seeks the sky but always the
ground—as if there alone were rest—you
may recognize a brother to whom life has
been full of thorns. Oh, be thankful and re-
joice if your hand has planted none for him
or for his fellows!
Tristan walked along in the soft sunny
light of a June evening;—a time most joyous
in country lanes and fields, but in London
bringing only sadness. He passed through
the dull close West-End streets—where the
heated air was never stirred by one fresh
evening breeze, and not a shade of the glo-
rious sunset was visible save one faint glim-
mer sparkle on a church tower near. Tristan
saw neither gloom nor light. His eyes were
blinded—his heart was pressed down—with
misery.
He found himself crossing the green sward
towards the Serpentine River. A glittered
in the sun-light, like a beacon;—and his
eyes were opened now. He saw it; he
would have rushed towards it with the speed
of a hunted deer flying to a distant shelter;
but he dared not. It seemed as if every
passer by cried out to him—"Man, whither
goest thou?"
The answer to that question belonged not
to time, but to eternity.
Tristan felt as if each eye were directed to
him in this mute inquiry—which, look where
he would, he could not escape. There was
not a lady who went rustling past, not a
milliner girl tripping lightly with her bur-
den, that did not seem in this man's disor-
dered fancy to be an accusing spirit, know-
ing his purpose and taunting him with it.—
To elude this, he went a long way round—
and reached the bridge just when the sun
had set. He tried to lounge upon it as he
saw other people do, watching the cockney-
Waltonians who pursued their harmless re-
creation in the twilight. His eyes rested
on each tiny boat; and his wandering thoughts
followed the line down, down, to the deep
bed of the river. What was there?
He could not answer that.—He hardly
tried. All that he felt was, that it must be
a place of stillness, and coldness, and sil-
ence;—he sought nothing more. Even the
blueness which the still bright sky cast with-
in it was painful; he wanted it dark—all dark.
He could not enter the portals of that home
while a ray of light rested on them—while
one worldly sound broke above them. There
was yet near him a murmur of boyish talk
and laughter, and a robin sang in one of the
distant trees. He would wait—wait until
night and its stars should be the only wit-
nesses of the great change.
Tristan sat down under the parapet of the
bridge. A man passed by, and looked at him
seemingly to wonder what he was doing there.
No he took out of his pocket a biscuit and
pretended to eat. Then a woman crossed,
leading a sickly child—who gazed wistfully
at the food. Tristan gave his morsel to the
famished boy.
Now the world owes me more than it
would fain bestow—a crust of bread!

thought he; and he felt a savage pride in the
reflection.
Colder and darker came on the night—
and Tristan waited still. A dreaminess,
a torpor seemed to cramp his energies, making
them unequal even to that last effort of all.
A mist was over his eyes; yet still he saw
through its gathering folds the dark waving
ghostly trees—the stars overhead and the
calm rippling waves below.
Ain, uncertain still, he seemed to lean over
the parapet, he felt it give way. A shudder
—an unconscious and vain effort to spring
back—and the waters had drawn him in.—
The terrible refuge which he sought had of
itself opened its doors to receive him—and
there was no retreat!
As in dreams we sometimes feel ourselves
plunging deeper and deeper into an abyss
which we feel to be fathomless and yet
experience no terror, so pain—St. Tristan
sank. He seemed to feel the cool dark waters
above him, around him, folding him in an
embrace which he knew was that of death—
and yet the parting of soul and body brought
no agony. He thought it would have been a
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